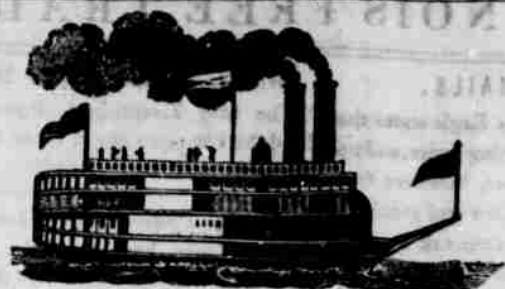


THE ILLINOIS



FREE TRADER.

Our Country, her Commerce, and her Free Institutions.

OTTAWA, ILLINOIS, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1840.

VOLUME I.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
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All communications, to ensure attention, must be post paid.

JOB WORK

Of every description, executed in the neatest manner, at the usual prices.

OTTAWA is the seat of justice of La Salle county; is situated at the junction of the Fox river with the Illinois, 290 miles, by water, from Saint Louis, and mid-way between Chicago and Peoria. The population of Ottawa is about one thousand.

Agents for the Free Trader.

M. MOTT, { Peru, La Salle county, Ill.
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C. G. MILLER, Dayton.
A. O. SMITH, Smith's Mills.
JAMES GORDON, Troy Grove.
L. W. DUNN, Yorkville.
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WILLIAM K. BROWN, Sunbury, Illinois.
HENRY HICKS, Hicks' mill, De Kalb Co. Ill.

YES, TAKE THE RING.

BY CAROLINE GENE.

Yes, take the ring, for still they love,
Will, though we evermore must part,
Be the one sweet and cherished flower,
That blooms within my lonely heart.
Ay, take it, and when'er the gem,
Shall meet thine eyes, that on it gleam,
Think that on me, thy own dear smile,
Once shone with brighter, purer beam.
Yes, take the ring—but never, love—
No, never wear it for my sake—
I would not bend on thee again,
The slumbering wrath, its slight might wake.
Take it, and keep it, and when none,
With cold, reproving brow is nigh,
To mark the gift thou may'st not wear,
Then let it sometimes meet thine eye!

Farewell!—the hope that years of toil,
May win the wealth thy friends hold dear,
Will be the star mid how'ring clouds,
My lonely exile still to cheer.
Wealth gained,—and as the bird that long
The sport of storms, to its own tree,
Returns to rest its weary wings,
Will I return and rest with thee.

From the West Branch Republican.

The Close of Life.

"Thus one generation passeth and another cometh."

When we contemplate the close of life; the termination of man's designs and hopes; the silence that now reigns among those who, a little while ago, were so busy, or so gay; who can avoid being touched with sensations at once awful and tender. What heart but then warms with the glow of humanity? In whose eye does not the tear gather, on revolving the fate of passing and short-lived man?

Behold the poor man, who lays down at the last burden of his wearisome life.—No more shall he groan under the load of poverty and toil; no more shall he hear the insolent calls of his master, from whom he received his scanty wages, no more shall he be raised from needful slumber on his bed of straw; nor be hurried away from his homely meal, to undergo the repeated labors of the day. While his humble grave is preparing, and a few and decayed neighbours are conveying him thither, it is good for us to think, that this man too was our brother; that for him the aged and destitute widow, and needy orphans now weep, that, neglected as he was by the world, he possessed perhaps both a sound understanding, and a worthy heart; and is now carried by angels to rest at his Father's right hand.

At no great distance from him, the grave is open to receive the rich and proud man, (for it is said with emphasis in the parable, "The rich man also died and was buried.") He also died. His riches prevented not his sharing the same fate with the poor man; perhaps, through luxury, they accelerated his doom. THEN, indeed,

"The mourners go about the streets."

And while, in all the pomp and magnificence of woe, his funeral is preparing, his heirs, impatient to examine his will, are looking on one another with jealous eyes, and already beginning a division of his substance!!

"One day we see carried along the coffin of the sleeping infant,—the flower just nipped as it began to blossom in the parent's view;—and the next day we behold the young man or the young woman, of blooming form and promising hopes, laid in an untimely grave. While the funeral is attended with a numerous un-

concerned company, who are discoursing to one another about the news of the day, or the ordinary affairs of this life; let our thoughts rather follow to the house of mourning, and represent to ourselves what is passing there:—There we should see a disconsolate family sitting in silent grief, thinking of the sad breach that is now made in their little society, and with tears in their eyes looking to the chamber that is now vacant, and to every memorial that present itself of their departed friend. By such attention to the woes of others, the selfish hardness of our hearts will be gradually softened and melted down into humanity.

Another day, we follow to the grave, one who in old age, and after a long career of life has, in full maturity, sunk at last into rest. As we are going along to the mansion of the dead, it is natural for us to think, and discourse of all the changes which such a person had seen during the course of his life.

He has passed through varieties of fortune. He has experienced prosperity and adversity. He has seen families and kindred rise and fall. He has seen peace and war succeeding in their turns; the face of the country undergoing many alterations; and the very hamlet in which he dwelt, rising in a manner new around him. After all he has beheld, his eyes are now closed forever. He was becoming a stranger amid a new succession of men; a race who knew him not, had risen to fill the earth. "Thus passeth the world away," throughout all ranks and conditions. "One generation passeth and another generation cometh." And this great fortress is by turn evacuated and replenished by troops of succeeding pilgrims. Oh, vain and inconsistent world! oh, fleeting and transient life! When will the "sons of men" learn to think of thee as they ought!—When will they learn humanity, from the afflictions of their brethren; or moderation and wisdom, from the sense of their own fugitive state.

From the Kuickerbocker for October.

The Seminoles.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

From the time of the chimerical cruises of old Ponce de Leon in search of the Fountain of Youth; the adventurous expedition of Pamphilo de Narvaez in quest of gold; and the chivalrous enterprise of Hernando de Soto, to discover and conquer a second Mexico, the natives of Florida have been continually subjected to the invasions and encroachments of white men. They have resisted them perseveringly but fruitlessly, and are now battling amidst swamps and morasses, for the last foothold of their native soil, with all the ferocity of despair. Can we wonder at the bitterness of a hostility that has been handed down from father to son, for upwards of three centuries, and exasperated by the wrongs and miseries of each succeeding generation? The very name of the savages with which we are fighting, betoken their fallen and homeless condition. Formed of the wrecks of a once powerful tribe, and driven from their ancient seats of prosperity and dominion, they are known by the name of the Seminoles, or "Wanderers."

Bartram, who travelled through Florida in the latter part of the last century, speaks of passing through a great extent of ancient Indian fields, now silent and deserted, overgrown with forests, orange groves, and rank vegetation, the site of the ancient Alachua, the capital of a famous and powerful tribe, who in days of old could assemble thousands at ball-play and other athletic exercises, "over these then happy fields and green plains." "Almost every step we take," adds he, "over these fertile heights, discovers the remains and traces of ancient human habitations and cultivation."

About the year 1763, when Florida was ceded by the Spaniards to the English, we are told that the Indians generally retired from the towns and the neighborhood of the whites, and burying themselves to the deep forests, intricate swamps and hammocks, and vast savannahs of the interior, devoted themselves to a pastoral life, and the rearing of horses and cattle. These are the people that received the name of the Seminoles, or Wanderers, which they still retain.

Bartram gives a pleasing picture of them at the time he visited them in their wilderness; where their distance from the abodes of the white man gave them a transient quiet and security. "This handful of people," says he, "possess a vast territory, all East and the greater part of West Florida, which being naturally cut and divided into thousands of islets, knolls, and eminences, by the innumerable rivers, lakes, swamps, vast savannahs, and ponds, form so many secure retreats and temporary dwelling places that effectually guard them from any sudden invasions or attacks from their enemies; and being

such a swampy, hammocky country, furnishes such a plenty and variety of supplies for the nourishment of varieties of animals, that I can venture to assert, that no part of the globe so abounds with wild game, or creatures fit for the food of man.

"Thus they enjoy a superabundance of the necessities and conveniences of life, with security of person and property, the two great concerns of mankind. The hides of deer, bears, tigers, and wolves, together with honey, wax, and other productions of the country, purchase their clothing, equipage, and domestic utensils from the whites. They seem to be free from want or desire. No cruel enemy to dread; nothing to give them disquietude, but the gradual encroachments of the white people. Thus contented and undisturbed, they appear as blithe and free as the birds of the air, and like them as volatile and active, tuneful and vociferous. The visage, action, and deportment of the Seminoles form the most striking picture of happiness in this life; joy, contentment, love, and friendship, without guile or affectation, seem inherent in them, or predominant in their vital principle, for it leaves them with but the last principle of life. * * * They are fond of games and gambling, and amuse themselves like children, in relating extravagant stories, to cause surprise and mirth."

The same writer gives an engaging picture of his treatment by these savages:

"Soon after entering the forests, we were met in the path by a small company of Indians, smiling and beckoning to us long before we joined them. This was a family of Talahasseche, who had been out on a hunt, and were returning home, loaded with barbecued meat, hides, and honey. Their company consisted of the man, his wife and children, well mounted on fine horses, with a number of pack-horses. The man offered us a fawn-skin of honey, which I accepted, and at parting presented him with fish-hooks, sewing-needles, &c."

"On our return to camp in the evening, we were saluted by a party of young Indian warriors, who had pitched their tents on a green eminence near the lake, at a small distance from our camp under a little grove of oaks and palms. This company consisted of seven young Seminoles, under the conduct of a young prince or chief of Talahasseche, a town southward in the isthmus. They were all dressed and painted with singular elegance, and richly ornamented with silver plates, chains, &c., after the Seminoles mode, with waving plumes of feathers. On our coming up to them, they arose and shook hands; we alighted and sat a while with them by their cheerful fire."

The young prince informed our chief that he was in pursuit of a young fellow who had fled from the town, carrying off with him one of his favorite young wives. He said, merrily, he would have the ears of both of them before he returned. He was rather above the middle stature, and the most perfect human figure I ever saw; of an amiable, engaging countenance, air, and deportment; free and familiar in conversation, yet retaining a becoming gracefulness and dignity. We arose, took leave of them, and crossed a little vale, covered with a charming green turf, already illuminated by the soft light of the full moon.

"Soon after joining our companions at camp, our neighbors, the prince and his associates, paid us a visit. We treated them with the best fare we had, having till this time preserved our spirituous liquors. They left us with perfect cordiality and cheerfulness, wishing us a good repose, and retired to their own camp. Having a band of music with them, consisting of a drums, flutes, and a rattle-gourd, they entertained us during the night with their music, vocal and instrumental."

There is a languishing soft air in the Indian convivial songs, especially of the amorous class, irresistibly moving attention, and exquisitely pleasing, especially in their solitary recesses, when all nature is silent."

Travellers who have been among them in more recent times, before they had embarked in their present desperate struggle, represent them in much the same light; as leading a pleasant, indolent life, in a climate that required little shelter or clothing, and where the spontaneous fruits of the earth furnished subsistence without toil. A cleanly race, delighting in bathing, passing much of their time under the shade of their trees, with heaps of oranges and other fine fruits for their refreshment; talking, laughing, dancing, and sleeping. Every chief had a fan hanging to his side, made of feathers of the wild turkey, the beautiful pink-colored crane, or the scarlet flamingo. With this he would sit and fan himself with great stateliness, while the young people danced before

him. The women joined in the dances with the men, excepting the war dances. They wore strings of tortoise-shells and pebbles round their legs, which rattled in cadence to their music. They were treated with more attention among the Seminoles than among most Indian tribes.

Story of our Village; or, The Happy Match.

"Now," said Harry Hemphill to his young wife when they went to house-keeping, "it is my business to bring money into the house, and yours to see that none goes foolishly out of it." This was the agreement with which they set forward in the world. He chose her, first, because he loved her, and, in the second place, because he knew she was sensible, economical, and industrious; just the reason which should influence every sensible man in his choice, now. And he thought it best that each should have a distinct sphere of action. Their interests were one and indivisible, consequently each had the same motives to act well the allotted part. His business called for his whole attention; he wished, therefore, to pursue it undisturbed by other cares. For himself, he looked for happiness only at home; there he expected a supply for all his wants, and he was, of course, not disposed to spend any thing abroad, in pursuit of what he thought every reasonable man ought to enjoy in the bosom of his own family. Her duties being all domestic, she was able to compass them better by turning her attention to them. Her husband's business doing habits, his temperate, correct life had all the power of example; increasing her esteem and doubling her anxiety to deserve his.

They had married without waiting to get rich. They neither distrusted Providence nor each other. With little besides health and disposition to improve it, they had, nevertheless, a strong confidence of final success, which prudent resolutions inspire in those who feel that they have perseverance enough to adhere to them. Thus they began the world.

To attach a man to his home it is necessary that home should have attractions. Harry Hemphill's had. There he sought repose after the toils and weariness of the day, and there he found it. When perplexed or low spirited, he retired thither, and, amid the soothing influence of its quiet and peaceful shades, he forgot the heartlessness of the world and all the wrongs of men. When things went ill with him, he found solace in the sunshine of affection, that, in the domestic circle, beamed upon him, and chased every cloud from his brow. However others treated him, there was always kindness, confidence, and esteem. If others deceived him, and hypocrisy, with its shameless face, smiled on him to delude and injure him, there all was sincerity of the heart, which makes amends for suffering and wins the troubled spirit from misanthropy.

Nothing so directly tends to make a wife a good house keeper, a good domestic economist, as that kindness on the part of the husband which speaks the language of approbation, and that careful and well directed industry which thrives and gives strong promise that her care and prudence will have profitable issue, and Mary Hemphill had this token and this assurance.

Harry devoted himself to his business with steady purpose and untiring zeal.—He obtained credit by his plain and honest dealings; custom by his faithful punctuality and constant care, friends by his obliging deportment and accommodating disposition. He gained the reputation of being the best workman in the village. None was ever deceived who trusted to his work. He always drove his business a little beforehand, for he said things go badly when the cart goes before the horse.

I noticed once a little incident which illustrated his character. A thrifty old farmer was accosted in the road at the end of the village, by a youngster who was making a dash in business, and who wanted to borrow a few hundred dollars. "The wily old man was perfectly ignorant where it could be had, and sided off from him as soon as he could."

He rode directly down to Hemphill's and told him he had a sum of money to loan, and he wished he would take it;—the payments should be made easy—just as they would suit him. "Indeed," replied Harry, "you have come to a bad market. I have a little cash to spare myself; and have been looking around these two weeks for a good opportunity of putting it out."

While Harry was prospering in business all went like clockwork at home.—The family expenditures were carefully made, not a farthing was wasted, not a scrap lost. The furniture was all neat and useful rather than ornamental. The table plain, frugal, but wholesome and well spread.

Court for regulating the rates of ferriage at the ferry at Ottawa be now vacated and set aside, and that from and after this date the following rates of ferriage be established and allowed at said ferry, to wit:

	CENTS.
Each footman crossing and returning the same day, - - - - -	6 1/2
Crossing each man and horse, - - - - -	12 1/2
Each horse with one horse wagon, cart or other one-horse wagon, - - - - -	18 1/2
Each wagon or other carriage with two horses or oxen, - - - - -	25
Each wagon and four horses or oxen, - - - - -	37 1/2
Each wagon and six horses or oxen, - - - - -	50
Each separate horse or head of cattle, - - - - -	6 1/2
Each sheep, goat or hog, - - - - -	2
Each barrel or other article equal to it, - - - - -	6 1/2

I hereby certify that the above is a true copy from the record.

J. CLOUD, Clerk.
Ottawa, Ill., Oct. 8, 1840. 21—4w

never disappointed me. The same expectations of those who build upon them.—Even the angry frown of misfortune is put at defiance. A vantage ground is soon gained which the storm seldom reaches; and a reward comes in its proper time, to crown the meed of lives thus spent.

The music of Harry's tools was in full play on the morning that I left the village for a distant residence. It was not yet sunrise; and as the coach bore us by the cool and quiet residence of the villages, I saw that the door was open and the breakfast smoking upon the table. Mary, in her neat morning dress and white apron, blooming in health and loveliness, was busy amid her household affairs, and a stranger, who happened to be my fellow passenger to the city, observing it, said: "There's a thriving family, my word for it." And he spoke well. There are certainly working things right, that cannot be mistaken by the most casual observer.

On my return to Alesbury, many years afterwards, I noticed a beautiful country residence on the banks of the river, surrounded by all the elegance of wealth and taste. Richly cultivated fields spread themselves out on every side as far as the eye could reach, flocks and herds were scattered in every direction. It was a splendid scene—the sun was just setting beyond the western hills; and, while a group of neatly dressed children sported on the adjacent school house green, the mellow notes of the flute mingled with their noisy mirth.—"There," said an old friend, "lives Harry Hemphill; that is his farm, these are his own adopted children, educated at his own expense. Having made a noble fortune by his industry and prudence, he spends his large income in deeds of charity; and he and Mary mutually give each other the credit of all this."

My heart expanded then, it expands still, when I think of them. And I pen this simple history in the hope that as it is entirely imitative, some who read it will attempt imitation.

From the Saturday News.

Our Country and Ourselves.

Our country first—not ourselves. So it should be, so it is, and so we hope it will ever be. Our country should occupy a place in the hearts of all her sons, superior to, and absorbing all personal considerations. Such was the case with Washington, and the immortal band of revolutionary heroes, when they pledged their fortunes, their lives, and their sacred honor, in the strength and fire of the spirit of freedom, to the cause which they espoused. Infant lips throughout our happy country, are justly and wisely taught to lip the praise of Washington, and of the immortal fathers who acted with him; for they are blazing lights not only to posterity, but to the world. In this way the sons of the Republic from the early dawning of mind, drink in the spirit of liberty, and love of country. And who can contemplate his country's history and prosperity, the happy system of government under which he lives, exhibiting a combination of wisdom and benevolence unequalled in the earth,—without feeling in his inmost soul the manly swell of patriotic devotion, and the glow of gratitude to those noble spirits, to whom pure Republican liberty owes its birth? Over the face of our fair land no despotism broods, enshrouding all in its dark and cold mid night, paralyzing the arm of industry, chilling the noble aspiration—freezing the genial current of the soul, and involving the future prospects of the country in deep and impenetrable gloom. Here no aristocracy—no little circle of vain and pampered lords, under whose baneful shade enterprise, industry and merit must wither, are established. But here all is free as the breath of Heaven—the path of useful enterprise, and the road to honor and preferment are open to all. Here too public opinion, that great controlling power in a free government, is on the side of honest industry and genuine merit wherever found. Whatever may be said in regard to the corruption of human nature, and the degeneracy of the times, still there is a sufficiency of intelligence and virtue among the people, to secure to sterling worth, the useful enterprise, their due reward. Many rail against the public, and expatiate fluently upon the alarming degeneracy of man and manners, in consequence of thinking they have not re-

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ceived their due, when in reality they have received more than was equal to the full demand of their merits. It is a thought, the conviction of whose truth affords us a pleasure which language is too weak to describe, that the time has yet to come in our country, when genuine merit shall be disappointed and fail of its reward. That there may be isolated instances conflicting with these conclusions we are free to admit, but such exceptions only fortify the general rule.—And when the dark and cloudy day arrives, when it shall be otherwise—when dishonesty, chicanery, base and pitiable manoeuvring and cunning shall be sustained and encouraged by the people; and the arm of honest industry shall be paralyzed—useful and honorable enterprise meet only with the sarcastic smile of derision, and the repulsive scowl from the public—then indeed may the heart of the true patriot throb with apprehension, and his whole system quake with fear for the safety of the Republic; for then will she be near the brink of the dread abyss of final ruin.

Uncertainty of Life.

How uncertain is life! Precipitans was once young, gay, and healthy as thou art. I passed by his dwelling, and beheld his quietude while seated in the midst of his convivial companions. The angel of health seemed to have guarded him, and to have painted his cheeks with the vermilion of exquisite sprightliness and beauty. The tide of fortune had, independent of his labors, flowed into his lap the riches of the earth; and the daughters of music had inspired his soul with the mildest disposition. But what strange contrarieties meet in man! Nursed in the lap of indulgence—having access to a fortune for which he never expended a painful thought—and lavish of time granted him without his choice, and for the improvement of which he never taxed himself with a serious reflection—rash and precipitate in the selection of his friends, and in the choice of means to satisfy his desires—surrounded thus with plenty, and never anticipating days of adversity—amid all his reveries, he never dreamed that he was mortal. Suddenly, however, one of those fatal diseases to which mortals are subject, seized upon the vital springs of life, and they all lost their wonted vigor. The vibrations of the heart—quick—and slow—now no longer perceptible—a death-like paleness succeeded to the rosy picture of health; and those vivid eyes, which so lately shot forth the fire of youthful vivacity, were languishingly sinking into their sockets. Neither the tears of his juvenile friends, nor the sighs and prayers of his doting parents, nor yet the improved skill of his sympathizing physician; no, nor the heart-rending pangs of the dearest object of his affections, could arrest the rapid progress of his disease. The decree has gone forth, Thou shalt die, and not live. And die he did, in the midst of youth, beauty, prospect, and thoughtfulness. The last heaving sigh, and the last dying expression, indicated disappointment;—but his dying grasp declared the uncertainty of life, and the certainty of death.

Alas! Is this the fate of fond mortals? Of mortals clinging to the earth, as if it were their permanent home, their eternal habitation? Yes; for all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. In this significant metaphor, behold a striking picture of frail, short-lived, mutable man. In the spring the grass grows up, covering all the fields with beautiful verdure. It is no sooner up, than it becomes the food of the beasts of the field; or, if permitted to arrive to greater maturity, is cut down, and laid in store against a more pressing time of need, or gradually wasted away by the autumnal frosts. Just so man. His ingress into the world is sudden;—no sooner does he bloom in youth, than he becomes a prey to disease; and often in early life, if not in childhood itself, he becomes food for vermin; or if permitted to escape the diseases and dangers of youth, and to arrive to the vigor of manhood, how often, like Precipitans, is he suddenly cut down, and becomes the nutriment of the worms of the earth.

An Army Drunk.

The whole French army was drunk the night after the battle of Wagram. It lay in vineyards; and in Austria the cellars are situated in the grounds upon which the wine is grown. The vintage was good, and the quantity abundant—the soldiers drank immoderately, and the Austrians, had they but known that we were overcome with liquor and sleep, and made a sudden attack upon us in the night, might have put us completely to the rout. It would have been impossible to make one-tenth of the soldiers betake themselves to arms. On what threads hang the de-